FIGURES FROM WAX.

ARTISTIC WORK IN GETTING UP DRY GOODS DUMMIES.

The Best Models Are Found Among the Italians—Putting on Hair a Difficult and Tedious Operation—Modelers Keep the Craft In Their Own Families.

The dry goods men, with stores on prominent thoroughfares, employ in their establishments wax figures modeled from life, and some of them, by the way, are remarkably accurate facsimiles.

These figures always picture very pretty women. Frequently well known actresses and noted beauties sit for their models in wax, which are intended to grace the shop of some well known dry goods merchant. When these wax models are arrayed in all the finery of the season, they present a very fetching appearance, and doubtless by their attractiveness warrant the expenditure of a considerable sum of money necessary for their purchase.

The making of these figures in Philadelphia is a very interesting and a comparatively new industry. Until a few years ago only the inferior grades were made here, the better figures all coming from abroad, and at the moment, although the home manufactured article has not entirely displaced the foreign one, yet the wax figures made in Philadelphia are quite equal to any imported, even those coming from Vienna, which has long held the premium for making the most artistic and lifelike wax models for show windows.

The great majority of figures are made from living models, although a cast from one model serves for a good many figures. Among the Italians on South Eighth street some of the best models for this business are found, and periodical excursions to the Italian colony are made by the wax modelers, who keep their eyes open for pretty and well cut features. When a face is discovered that is to their liking, they make every effort to induce the individual to give them a sitting or two of three or four hours, for which they pay liberally.

Certain requisites are necessary for a good living model for a wax figure. Prominent among them is perfect regularity of features, and the wax modelers say that by long experience they have found it extremely difficult to procure models with regular features, but that the Italian women most frequently fulfill their requirements, and, moreover, they state that their complexion, when soap and water have been applied, is far more natural than the complexion of the average models belonging to other nationalities who apply to them for work.

Intellectual expression is not required in wax figures and is even a drawback.

The first step in the process of making a high grade wax figure is to cast in wax a head and bust in the rough. It is, of course, hollow and more nearly resembles a huge wax potato than anything else. The artist then takes a knife and models like a sculptor the block of wax into some resemblance of the human head. With knife in hand and the model before him, he then carefully cuts away the wax until the reproduction has been made of the face of his sitter, and if he is an expert modeler this reproduction is usually very exact. He puts the tint on the wax to copy the model's complexion and completes every detail with the utmost care. Then the hair, eyebrows and eyelashes are put on. Only natural hair is used, and it is inserted in such a manner that it can be brushed and done up as often as required, in any style the purchaser pleases.

Probably the modeling of the eyes and putting in of the eyelashes are the most delicate part of the whole process. Each hair is put in separately, both on the head and for the eyebrows and eyelashes. The operation is performed with a hot needle and takes a long time. This work is frequently done by women, who become very expert. When the hair is implanted in the manner as stated, it can be dressed just as if it were growing on a living head. It can be washed and brushed and taken down and put up in any style, just as in nature. Of course, it cannot be cut, as there is no possible chance of its growing in again. The tedious work of inserting the hair as thus described is, of course, only possible on what are known as first class wax heads, which often cost as much as $150 apiece. The average price of those seen in the big dry goods stores is between $75 and $100. The value of these heads depends not only upon the workmanship and time which are put in on them, but also upon the quality of the wax used.

A good wax head will never become greasy and shiny from heat and will stand without injury a comparatively high temperature. The surface is protected by a coating of fine powder, which is blown on while the wax is slightly softened by heat. The composition of high grade wax is carefully guarded by the manufacturers, each having a secret process of his own.

When the mouth of a wax figure is shown slightly open, real teeth are inserted. As the faces will be seen at a distance, the eyebrows and eyelashes are slightly exaggerated, on the same principle that actors and actresses make up the eyebrows and eyelashes on the stage, so that they will show properly.

Not only the wax figures to be seen in show windows, but also at waxwork exhibitions, are made as above described. Expert wax modelers are scarce and command a high salary. The trade generally runs along from father to son, because the wax modelers refuse to teach their craft to any but their own family.

Wax figures are frequently used by medical colleges and institutions to demonstrate anatomical monstrosities or peculiar conditions of the human system under certain circumstances, and there are modelers who devote their time almost exclusively to preparing special models to order for medical institutions.—Philadelphia Times.

The French Republic.

A writer in Macmillan's Magazine comments on French politics of today and rather questions the future of the republic. He dreads the influence of Radicals and Socialists:

If M. Thiers has been reported truly, he must have been one of the most sagacious Frenchmen of his day, and of all his wise remarks the saying that the republic would be conservative or cease to exist was perhaps the wisest of them all. In medio tutissimus ibis, that was the advice which he gave to the republic, and if there is one thing more certain than another it is this—that from the day when the republic begins to seriously alarm the conservative feelings of the country the end will be in sight. Nobody can doubt that the republic is growing less conservative. The Radicals and Socialists are sensibly increasing; at every general election they win more votes and return more successful candidates to the chamber, where the Moderates, who have lost many of their leaders, are growing proportionately weaker.

CHINESE CAP BUTTONS.

Badges That Indicate the Rank of the Aristocratic Wearer.

Every one has heard of the Chinese buttons and how they indicate rank. A great many people, however, have no idea what the official button is. All Chinamen have buttons about as big as a hickory nut on the tops of their skull caps, and in case of the common people these buttons are made out of blue or red silk thread, and when a man goes into mourning they are of white silk.

The average common hat is of the finest black satin, and the shapes of these caps change from year to year. The Chinese are as particular about the cut of their clothes as we are. They have their favorite fashionable colors, and there are just as many dudes and dandies in Peking and Canton as there are in London.

The official button is about three times as large as the ordinary silk button. Its color and material indicate the rank of the wearer. It stands straight up on the crown of the cap, and it sometimes fastens on the peacock feather. The highest button is of a dark red coral. Members of the second class of nobility wear a coral ball of light blue and the fourth of dark blue. A noble or official of the fifth class wears a ball of crystal, and a mandarin of the sixth class has a little round ball made of mother of pearl on the top of his cap. Below these come the mandarins of the seventh and eighth classes, who wear big marbles of gold, and members of the ninth class, who have their hats decorated with silver balls.

These official hats, or caps, fit closely to the head and have brims which are turned up all around and extend as high as the top of the cap. These caps are of black beaver, and they are usually covered with a red silk tassel, which begins at the bottom and runs out to the edges of the top. The laws provide as to the kind of hat an official must wear and his dress is regulated by the statutes. The sleeves of all officials must be very long and come down over the hands, and whenever the nobles and officials call on the emperor they must not have their sleeves rolled up. The idea is that no man can fight well with his arms enveloped in bags, and a would be assassin, when he is compelled to come in on his knees and have his sleeves extending for a foot beyond his hands, would require some time to prepare for action.

The laws provide that certain colors shall not be worn by common people. Only the highest nobles and the emperor can wear dresses embroidered with the five clawed dragon. A great many of the officials have their gowns embroidered with dragons, and one can tell the rank of a man by the number of gold dragons on his gown, but these dragons must be four clawed, and not five.—Spare Moments.

Launching Methods.

The problem that the shipbuilder has to solve in launching is the transfer of a huge, unwieldy, heavy mass from terra firma to the water. Small vessels are simply dragged down by what is called Scotch science, defined by Americans to be "main force and stupidity," over the pebbles of the beach or over wooden rollers, and such was probably the practice of the ancients, but even they had to have recourse to mechanical means when their ships attained a certain size. They probably used some sort of windlass, actuating a great many hauling ropes—at least that is the sort of machine Archimedes is reported to have designed for the purpose.

Nowadays, in vessels of any size advantage is taken of the energy of position of the ship on the stocks, as measured by the difference of the height of the center of gravity of the vessel on land and afloat. A ship is supported on wooden keel blocks at a certain distance above the ground. In the slow process of construction piece by piece of metal and wood is raised up and built into the vessel, and the result of the sum of all these lifts is that the general center of gravity of the whole structure is many feet above the ground, constituting a force, available for launching, just as a loose bowlder is ready to be pushed down a hill. In a certain sense, therefore, we may say that the operation of launching begins with the first step in the construction of the ship.—Robert Caird in Cassier's Magazine.

Uses of Bamboo.

The attention of builders is being drawn to the value of bamboo as a building material. The great strength of bamboo poles is not at all understood by the majority of persons. It is stated on excellent authority that two bamboo poles, each of them 1 7-10 inches in diameter, when placed side by side, will support a grand piano slung between them by ropes and that they will neither sag nor break under the burden. Bamboo will form poles 65 to 70 feet long and from 8 to 10 inches in diameter. A derrick, 26 feet high, made of 4 inch bamboo poles, raised two iron girders, weighing together 424 pounds. The wonderful lightness of this material in proportion to its strength has excited comment of late, and new uses are constantly being made of it. Scaffoldings of bamboo have the advantage of lightness and strength. It is predicted that this material will come into general use for such purposes. An additional advantage is that bamboo resists decay in water as well as in the earth, that the older and drier it gets the more solid it becomes, and that it can be grown for an incredibly small sum.—New York Ledger.

A Philosophic Sweep.

"The best thing I heard," writes a correspondent of the London Daily News, "in the great crowds which thronged the streets of the west end came from the mouth of a sweep. Rolling out of Piccadilly into Berkeley street came one of those splendid old family carriages, gorgeous with golden lions and dragons, heavily hung with maroon trappings, guarded by two maroon footmen in the rear, driven by a burly maroon coachman in a curly wig, containing two visions in white with lovely bouquets. At that moment the sweep I refer to and his friend were emerging into Piccadilly, with blackened faces and brushes, having evidently just transacted some affair of business, when this splendid vehicle attracted their attention. Says one, 'Bill, I wish we was them!' 'Why?' answered Bill, much surprised. 'They'll have to die the same as us.' I have just turned over the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius' in search of some more profound reflection upon the inequality of our lots on this ant heap of ours, and in vain."

Searching For Light.

A well dressed, sensible looking woman strolled into Roosevelt hospital not long ago and asked if they had any X rays. "I've read a lot about them," she said before the astonished attendant could reply, "and how much good they are, so I just thought I'd like to try them. I haven't been well for some time now, and I've tried most everything. Can you let me have a bottle of X rays?"—New York Sun.

DICTIONARY ON NAILS.

They Figure In Speech as Well as Trade and Building.

To nail a thing is to fix or fasten with a nail or nails; to drive nails into for the purpose of fastening or securing, such as to nail up a box, to nail a shelf to the wall, to nail down the hatches, etc.; to stud with nails; figuratively, to nail a thing is to pin it down and hold it fast, such as to nail a bargain or secure by prompt action. It was Burns who said:

> Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been ken'd,
> In holy rapture,
> A rousing whid at times to vend,
> An nail 't wi' Scripture.

Passing into the colloquial, to "nail to the counter" is to put a counterfeit coin out of circulation by fastening it with a nail to the counter of a shop; hence, figuratively, to expose as false.

Other definitions referring to the nail are: Nailer, one who nails, who makes nails or who sells them, while a female nailmaker is referred to by Hugh Miller as a naileress. A nailery is described as an establishment where nails are made. A nail head is the head of a nail, and anything is said to be nail headed when so shaped as to resemble the head of a nail.

A nailing machine is one for forcing or driving nails into place; in carpentry, a feeding tube for the nails, connected with a plunger or reciprocating hammer; in shoemaking, a power machine closely allied to the shoe pegger, used to drive small metallic nails or brads into the soles of shoes.

The nail machine is a power machine for making nails, spikes, brads or tacks.

A nailmaker is one who makes nails; a nailer, a person connected in any capacity in the manufacture of nails.

A nail plate is a plate of metal rolled to the proper thickness for cutting into nails.

A nail rod is a strip split or cut from an iron plate to be made into wrought nails. A nail selector is a machine, or an attachment to a nail machine, for automatically throwing out headless or otherwise ill formed nails and slivers.

A countersunk nail is one having a cone shaped head like that of a screw; a cut nail, one made by a nail machine, as distinguished from a wrought or forged nail.

"On the nail" means on the spot, at once, immediately, without delay or postponement, as, to pay money on the nail. This phrase is said to have originated from the custom of making payments, in the exchange at Bristol, England, and elsewhere, on the top of a pillar called "the nail."—Hardware.

He May Get There Yet.

"That man Bluffly is the busiest fellow I ever knew," chuckled one who has known him for years. "He married a lot of money, and there is not the slightest reason for him to work at all, but he wants to keep up the impression that he's no deadhead in the enterprise and keeps going through the motions as if he had to.

"He concluded once he'd do editorial work on a paper. He fitted up an elegant sanctum at his own expense, laid in fine cigars for callers and then announced himself ready to have hostilities begin. His first assignment was to give his impressions of the European situation. He declared himself at home on the subject, chatted and smoked all afternoon, told his friends to look out for a 'thunderer' and invited them out when he felt like warming up on the theme. In the evening he was equally breezy and assured. When the managing editor dropped in about 10 and asked Bluffly if the article was ready, he answered with a wave of the hand and the announcement that it would take him at least a week to get up such an editorial as was due himself and the paper. He could not be made to comprehend that the paper had to come out every day or that the shifting situation might be entirely changed in a week. He was tried with several other topics, but never had any copy prepared and was induced to resign.

"He opened a broker's office that soon became a social clubroom where there was no suggestion of business. He bought a patent right that he threatened to push till he had made a few millions, but in a month forgot that he owned it. Now he has tackled electricity with a view to talking with Mars."—Detroit Free Press.

Truthful Advertising.

The half dozen transcontinental railroad companies, says John Muir in The Atlantic, advertise the beauties of their lines in gorgeous many colored folders, each claiming its as the "scenic route." "The route of superior desolation"—the smoke, dust and ashes route—would be a more truthful description. Every train rolls on through dismal smoke and barbarous melancholy ruins, and the companies might well cry in their advertisements: "Come, travel our way! Ours is the blackest. It is the only genuine Erebus route. The sky is black, and the ground is black, and on either side there is a continuous border of black stumps and logs and blasted trees appealing to heaven for help as if still half alive, and their mute eloquence is most interestingly touching. The blackness is perfect. On account of the superior skill of our workmen, advantages of climate and the kind of trees, the charring is generally deeper along our line, and the ashes are deeper, and the confusion and desolation displayed can never be rivaled. No other route on this continent so fully illustrates the abomination of desolation." Such a claim would be reasonable, as each seems the worst, whatever route you chance to take.

Nearest to It.

A boy of 6 years, who attends a private school where prizes are given on every sort of provocation, but as yet had never earned a prize, came home one afternoon and exhibited proudly one of these rewards of merit.

"Good!" said his mother. "But how did you gain it?"

"I was first in natural history."

"Natural history at your age? How did that happen?"

"Oh, they asked me how many legs a horse had."

"And what did you say?"

"I said five."

"But a horse hasn't five legs, child."

"I know, but all the other boys said six."—Pearson's Weekly.

George W. Vanderbilt.

A North Carolina man is quoted in the Washington Post as saying that George W. Vanderbilt is one of the most popular men in that state. "And now," he adds, "he has increased his popularity by proposing to build in Asheville a hospital for the treatment of consumptives and persons suffering with contagious diseases. He will donate $100,000 as a starter for the institution, which will be, when completed, one of the finest in the south. Mr. Vanderbilt is not selfish with his immense fortune, and if there were more wealthy men after his pattern the world would be better off."

TO A COQUETTE.

> Her wit is like some diamond bright
> Wherein rare powers combine.
> 'Tis brilliant as a flash of light;
> 'Twill cut as well as shine.
>
> Her eyes are like her wit, I swear;
> They also play rare parts,
> And love holds brilliant jewels there
> To gild or pierce our hearts.
>
> She reigns a queen in fashion's court,
> But wisdom breathes: "Beware!
> A shattered heart is not my forte."
> And prudence sighs, "Take care!"
>
> Alas! alas! She's too refined;
> Her arts too fair I've found.
> Her wit and charms are all designed
> To dazzle and to wound.
>
> So, lovely lady, we must part.
> 'Twere vain in me to try
> To keep my mellow, feeble heart—
> I give it up! Goodby!

—Larry Chittenden, "Post Ranchman," in Texas Sifter.

MILK A NUTRITIVE.

A Medical Man Who Existed For Thirty Days on Sweet Milk.

A medical man expresses the belief that a person could live for any length of time and take heavy exercise all the while on no other food than sweet milk. His conviction is the result of personal experiment.

He wanted to establish the fact that persons convalescing from sickness may grow stronger with no other nutriment than sweet milk, and that they are not obliged to take "something solid" to eat, as so many people imagine. He holds that many a convalescent has gone into his grave as a result of overtaxing his weak stomach by putting "solid" food into it, and he maintains that the old belief as to bread being the first essential of human life is shown by his experiment to be erroneous.

His test was to live 30 days with only sweet milk as a nourishment. In the whole time he lost 5½ pounds in weight, but no strength. He even attributes the loss of weight to the warmth of the weather and to excessive exercise on the bicycle and the daily manipulation of 16 pound dumbbells and other heavy weights. He took more exercise than usual in order to test the thing fairly. On the seventh day of the experiment he ran several fast races in a skillful manner, but was beaten in each race.

On the thirtieth day he again pitted himself against the same runner and got the best of his opponent, which certainly would tend to confirm his statement that he lost no strength during the 30 days' test. He drank four pints of milk daily for the last week. He thinks a healthy person should take about five pints of milk daily when no other food is being taken. His practice was to drink milk at intervals for two hours during the day, commencing at 7 o'clock in the morning and continuing until 10 at night. After that he would take no more until the next morning.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Marriage.

"That trouble I could have averted from my friend by a bare turn of my hand; that mistake one thoughtful word from me would have prevented."

That is the kind of self torture every human being has more or less to undergo who has any influence whatever in the world. How much more deeply may the responsibility bite when the sorrows of a whole family—those who are the nearest and dearest—hinge on the folly of a deliberate act of perhaps many years back, when two people, choosing each other for better or worse, have built up a home and household to depend on them and their relation unbroken!

Those who marry despite remonstrance, saying, "It is no one's affair save ours," speak in the obstinacy of an almost intentional blindness, for they have only to look back and forth—in the family history perhaps—to see where here and there and in the other place the deliberate infusion of bad blood or weak will or vicious instincts has swept a whole generation out of its inherited place. No man may live or die alone, and least of all may a man marry alone. In that one tie are twisted strands that run back into the past and forward into the future. When the unhappily married begin to see miserable and far reaching conditions arising, it is impossible that they should not remember that all is resultant upon their own act, which need never have been, and with the thought the iron enters more deeply.—Harper's Bazar.

An Explained Ghost.

This is a true English ghost story of an unconventional kind. A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness to find a white figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched, the bedclothes were suddenly whisked off and the apparition vanished. After an anxious, not to say chilly night, the visitor went down with little appetite to breakfast. At the table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had, she learned, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of the cold. "I hope you will excuse me," he said to the hostess, "but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bedclothes to supplement my own." The room, as it happened, was not unoccupied, but he never learned his mistake.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Ladies of Llangollen.

The ladies were of unusually fine appearance. Lady Eleanor, the stronger minded of the two, is described as being small, brisk, plump, with a round, fair face and glowing health, when they first came to Llangollen, while her friend was tall and fair, with a graceful, elegant figure, a beautiful face and sweet, womanly features. They adopted a costume at once comfortable, serviceable, and at the time becoming, from which they never varied. Each wore a heavy dark blue riding habit, with stiffly starched neckcloth, a gentleman's hat and boots, and a profusion of rings and brooches. On special occasions Lady Eleanor wore somewhat conspicuous ornaments—the cordon of the Order of St. Louis and a golden lily almost of natural size, presents from the Bourbon family.—Helen Marshall North in Century.

Snakes' Eyes.

The serpent is peculiarly liable, crawling as it does on the ground in sandy and dusty localities, to injuries of the eye, and this organ is therefore protected by being placed under the skin or outer epidermis. When a snake sheds its skin, which it does three or four times a year, the skin of the eye comes off with the rest.

The willow has such wonderful vitality that, even when the interior is so far gone from decay that only the shell of the tree remains the appearance of life in green leaves and foliage will still prevail.

It is said that by a blunder of the maker the standard yard of the United States is one-one-thousandth of an inch too long.

SHOWS IN THE FACE.

The Disastrous Effect of Certain Pastimes on the Physiognomy.

"If you don't want the world to know that you have done a thing, don't do it," was the sage observation of an ancient philosopher. The advice has a renewed force now, when women are becoming more and more emancipated and are taking up the pursuits and occupations and even the sports and pleasures that used to be considered man's especial prerogatives. Whether women's faces are more mobile and more ready to receive an imprint, or whether women are less given to self restraint, and so express more of their inner feelings, is not definitely understood, but the fact remains that on nearly every feminine face is indelibly stamped some impress of her favorite pursuit or amusement.

The bicycle face is well known, with its tightly drawn muscles, resolute, tense expression and an underlying air of resignation, as if it were saying, "If death whirls around the next corner, I will meet it with fortitude." The long distance lens of the golf eye is also growing common, but the card face is comparatively new. The more experienced Sherlock Holmeses of society claim that they can detect the difference between the whist face and the countenance molded by progressive euchre, but the card face in general is recognizable of the veriest tyro.

There are women who have thrown themselves into card playing so forcibly, with such intense excitement, that it is no longer a diversion, but a serious task. Whether they play for money or points or for some trumpery prize which they would not admit to their drawing room except as an evidence of their skill at the game, the result is the same. The strain on their nerves is expressed by closely drawn brows and an eye eager and watchful for an opponent's plays and misplays, while greed and the desire for gain show themselves in ugly lines about the mouth. This description applies, of course, to the worst victims of the craze, but the same symptoms in a more or less modified form are appearing on the faces of not a few of society's maids and matrons.—Munsey's Magazine.

WHY SHE WAS GRACIOUS.

A Lover Who Easily Fell Into an Ingenious Trap.

She was particularly gracious that night, and he was correspondingly happy. He felt that he had made an impression at last.

She let him hold her hand a minute when she welcomed him, and he thought—in fact, he was quite sure—that she responded to the gentle squeeze he gave it, and heretofore she had been so distant, so cold, although always courteous. Surely it was enough to make him feel happy. Then she laughed at his witticisms, and there was something in her manner that invited him to draw his chair closer to hers. Of course he accepted the invitation, and almost before he knew it he found himself whispering all sorts of silly things to her, while she listened with downcast eyes.

It was blissful, and yet there was a greater pleasure in store for him. She blushed and hesitated a little as she asked if he had a photograph of himself.

Of course he had, and she should have one that very night. He would go for one at once. She protested that that was not necessary, but he insisted. She should have anything that she wanted and have it at once.

She thanked him so coyly and sweetly when he brought it that the boy was nearly insane with joy, and when he left she let him hold her hand again for a minute.

Then, as he walked away with a light step and a light heart, she handed the photograph to her maid and said with decision:

"Mary, hang that in the servants' hall, where every one can see it, and remember that I am never home when he calls. I must stop this thing somehow, and mamma changes servants so often he gets in every week or two now."—Harlem Life.

Fruit Foods.

Each year folks grow to appreciate more fully the value of fruit and eat it not as a luxury, but as a staple article of food. Fruits are nourishing, refreshing, appetizing and purifying, and consequently have effect upon the health and the complexion. Yet there are differences. Grapes and apples are highly nutritious. Grapes usually agree with the most delicate persons, for they are so easily digested. Nothing is easier to digest than a baked apple taken either with or without cream. Oranges, lemons and limes are of great value as a means of improving the complexion, and they are especially good if taken before breakfast. Ripe peaches are easy of digestion, and are fattening. Nothing is better to enrich the blood than strawberries, which contain a larger percentage of iron than any other fruit. Fruit with firm flesh, like apples, cherries or plums, should be thoroughly masticated; otherwise they are difficult to digest. The skin of raw fruit should never be eaten, and before eating grapes or any small fruit care should be taken to remove all impurities by washing. Never swallow grape stones. Stale fruit and unripe fruit should never be eaten, and very acid fruit should not be taken with farinaceous foods unless the person has a vigorous digestion.—New York Sun.

Heard the Baby.

"Last summer," says a telephone manager of Chicago, "a big, portly, smiling but excited man rushed in and asked if he could reach Evansville, Ind., by phone. He was assured that he could, and in about two minutes he disappeared in a booth to talk to his wife. Well, he talked about 15 minutes. Finally he bounced out of the box, slapping his thigh. 'They're on me, gentlemen,' he said. 'I'll be right back.' He darted out, and in two minutes was back with a box of as good cigars as I ever smoked. 'It's a boy,' he exclaimed, 'and he's got about as good lungs as I ever heard at close range!' Then he told the story. He had to be absent from home, and a telegram had just come notifying him of the new arrival. He had rushed into the office, called up his residence and insisted that the nurse bring the baby to the telephone and make it laugh or cry. It cried, and he heard it 300 miles away."—Exchange.

The Fourth.

"Benny," said Mr. Bloonumper, "if George Washington is the first in the hearts of his countrymen, who comes second?"

"I don't know about that," replied Benny, "but Independence day is the Fourth."—Harper's Bazar.

It is one of the ironies of life that everything seems to go wrong when a fellow is trying to show off.—Washington Democrat.

To run up stairs is about as silly a way to shorten one's life as was ever practiced.—Home Visitor.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Hay wire and rope in any quantity at Carlton Hardware Co's.

FOR SALE—A number of pieces of resdent property in the village of Hancock. Apply to John Erickson, office in Scott's block.

Portage Lake and Lake Superior Ice company headquarters at Slattery & Ryan's. Telephone connections. James Allen, manager.

We have removed our office and work shop to the upstairs portion of the same building we have been occupying.

MICHIGAN DYE WORKS.

Summer Styles.

Having received a fine stock of cloths, suitable for spring and summer suitings, I invite an inspection. Suits made to order, fit guaranteed and the prices very low. Give me a call. M. JOHNSON,

Over Sauer's Sample Room.

Argall Brothers, Red Jacket Mich., undertakers, paractical embalmer and funeral directors. (Graduate of Chicago College of Embalming.) All calls promptly attended to and the best of service rendered. Telephone in connection. Tachell's old stand, corner Scott and Main streets.

Lake Linden Stage.

Stage leaves Pearce's livery stable Lake Linden, every day at 8 a. m., 10 a. m., 1 and 4 p. m. Stage leaves McClure's livery stable, Red Jacket, at 8 a. m., 10 a. m., and 1 and 4. p. m.

THOMAS PEARCE,
JAMES MCCLURE,
Proprietors.

Great Money-Saving Sale

At the Laurium Fair, next to the post-office. Fifteen hundred pairs of ladies' and Misses' fine shoes, worth from $2.50 to $4 a pair, to be sold at $1 a pair for thirty days only. We also have a lot of baby shoes, sizes from 0 to No. 4, at 5 cents a pair. Call promptly, as it is to your interest. I. FEINBERG & Co.,

Hecla Street, Laurium.

AUGUST GREN.

Upholsterer and Matress Maker.

All kinds of upholstery work done on short notice in a first-class manner, and cheaper than the cheapest. Carpets cleaned, window draperies made, designed and hung, awnings replaced, etc. With ten years of experience, I solicit your patronage. All work guaranteed. Office and shop rear of the Opera House, Red Jacket, Mich

A Valuable Prescription.

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